[fic] Warning Mark.

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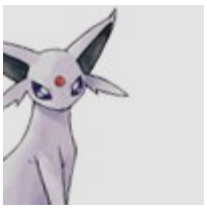

Title: Warning Mark.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: R.
Warnings: Bloodplay, gore, dubcon. Surprisingly, no smut - but there is kissing.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Dean.
Word Count: 1,001 words.
Summary: Lucifer rips out Dean's heart literally and is otherwise generous.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card.
https://zekkass.livejournal.com/415165.html
Many thanks to **theinsaneeraser** and **ravenspear** for inspiration and wordwars. :D

This is set mid-S5, is AU, and actually has some plot to it. Enjoy!

(I've stolen you into myself and can destroy you and remake you on a whim.)

"You're dying," Lucifer says, voice calm and composed.

"Son of a bitch," Dean says, and coughs up blood. "You did this."

Lucifer's hands are still red, still slick with Dean's blood. He's tracing Dean's hand, holding it as blood spills from the gaping hole in Dean's chest, the hole formed when Lucifer reached right in and tore out Dean's heart. He's gentle as Dean dies.

Dean's not afraid. He's never been afraid of death, because he knows he's coming back. There are so many reasons why he won't stay dead. The biggest reason now is that he knows Zachariah won't let him stay dead, regardless of what Lucifer does.

He's not afraid. Not even if Lucifer is still holding his heart in his other hand.

"I did do this, Dean." Lucifer smiles at him, and whispers words Dean doesn't understand. But he can see his heart, and he can see it begin to beat, and then lines of light appear on it, and Dean *burns*. He curls unintentionally, tries to shield what isn't there, and burns with pain as Lucifer continues to whisper.

Dean struggles to look at Lucifer, to see what he does next, even as the burning continues, and he - Lucifer opens his mouth, and Dean's heard the sound of flesh

being torn but never like this before. Lucifer bites, chews, and swallows.

It takes what seems like forever for Lucifer to eat his entire heart, and Dean still lives even though he doesn't know how.

Then Lucifer is done, and licking his lips, and there is a pulse of power from him that ripples through Dean, restores skin and covers the hole where his heart should be.

"What - what the hell was that?"

Lucifer puts two blood-soaked hands on Dean's chest, over unbroken skin, and pushes him back down to the ground. He smiles down at Dean, and before Dean can stop him Lucifer kisses him, a quick gentle kiss that nearly distracts Dean from the flash of pain from Lucifer's hands.

"You're mine now," Lucifer whispers. "Michael can't have you now."

"Get off of me," Dean says, and to his surprise Lucifer does. Lucifer pulls him up to his feet as he stands, and touches Dean's now-ruined jacket.

"I could recover this for you," Lucifer says. "I don't mistreat what's mine without reason."

Dean doesn't want to ask, doesn't want any favors from Lucifer, but he's had this jacket for a long time, and for once he lets common sense win out over the confused anger that he's feeling.

"Do it."

Lucifer's lips quirk, and then Dean's jacket and clothes are clean. There's no trace of blood, except for where Lucifer's fingers drip blood on his sleeve.

And where Dean's shirt is still in clean pieces, there are still those bloody handprints on his skin. Dean raises a hand and touches one, hesitant to do so, but he's just not surprised when it feels...like skin. Like he's gotten a gruesome tattoo. Lucifer's handprints with his blood.

"What the hell." Dean's voice is flat, angry. He's still somewhat in shock, still caught between being in mid-conversation with Sam to getting his chest ripped open to *dying* and to watching his heart be eaten and now - now this.

He can't feel his pulse, he realizes.

"You're alive," Lucifer says. "I've stolen you into myself and can destroy you and remake you on a whim. Bound you with Grace and blood and magics you cannot understand. Consider yourself immortal, Dean Winchester, and freed from Heaven's grasp. No angel can use you as a vessel, as consent is not yours to give, and Death will not take you as I hold his leash."

Dean opens his mouth, but Lucifer continues.

"Consider yourself lucky that I find you both interesting and have a use for you, or I would have taken another route, and given you back to the chambers in Hell that you left behind. Continue to amuse me, Dean, and I will let you do as you will."

Dean closes his mouth. What the hell is he supposed to say to that? He knows it's true, he can feel the hollow ache in his chest where his heart should be, can feel the burn on his skin where Lucifer marked him.

Dean thinks nothing of defying powers above him, but he cannot bring himself to raise his hand against Lucifer, not even when all of his instincts are telling him that he should.

It's harder than it should be to think of Sam.

"I'll die before you get Sam," Dean says. His voice is steadier than it wants to be, but thinking of Sam - *protecting* Sam has always given him strength.

"Sam can't defy destiny, Dean," Lucifer says. "Not when you'll protect him from those who want otherwise."

Dean has a bad feeling about this. Lucifer looks far too pleased about this.

"I am going to give you an order, Dean," Lucifer says. "And you are going to obey it."

The words fall upon Dean like a blow, and before he can stop, can think to stop, he is on his knees, his body and mind willing, waiting -

"No," Dean fights to say, rips out of himself, hates how he likes the surprised yet pleased expression on Lucifer's face.

"You'll want to obey this one, Dean," Lucifer says. "You are going to protect Sam from anyone who would hurt him, and keep him whole. He will not be tainted, or otherwise ruined from becoming a vessel. Do you understand?"

It's what Dean has always done, has always tried to do -

Lucifer's twisted Dean's most base instinct, and Dean hates him for that.

"Son of a bitch," Dean manages, trying to turn hate into action so he can punch Lucifer, and show him his hate.

Lucifer grins at him with triumph and bloody teeth.

"Take care of Sam until I return, Dean," Lucifer says, and then - and only then - does he vanish.